

BOWSER'S NEW BOOK

He Starts Out After Material for a New Book.

CANINE IS HIS FIRST SUBJECT

Venture Not a Success and He Is Left Stranded on the Sofa, While Mrs. B. Smiles—It Happened to Be a Good Night for Lost Dogs.

[Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure.] WHEN dinner had been finished and the Bowser family had returned to the sitting room, Mr. Bowser sat down and began staring at the cat. When he had kept his gaze on him for two minutes the feline began to show signs of anxiety, and Mrs. Bowser spoke up and said: "What on earth are you staring at the cat that way for?" "As an experiment. Do you notice the strength of the human over the animal mind?" "I shouldn't waste my time staring at a cat. Of course he's afraid of you because you have attempted to murder him on three or four occasions."



IT HAPPENED TO BE A GOOD NIGHT FOR LOST DOGS. better than anybody else that I never have a fad of any sort or kind. No man is more clear of them. If you are going to argue with me, don't begin by stating untruths." "Well, what about the book?" she asked. "What I am planning on is a book on natural history. That is the reason I was looking at the cat. It is to be a simple, everyday book, one that all children can understand. I shall call it 'Bowser's Youth's Natural History.'" "And it will be all about cats?" "It will be all about all sorts of animals. How many grown people, to say nothing about children, understand anything about the habits of animals? I'll bet \$10 to a cent that you don't know what a cat's whiskers are for."

here and study him. All my studies will be from life." "If you are going to trot any cure into this house I shall go upstairs and lock myself in!" "You can do so if you wish. In fact, it would probably be better. Down here you would only distract the dog's attention. I don't propose to indulge in any guesswork in this thing. I shall make my observations on the spot." With that Mr. Bowser clapped on his hat and went out. He hadn't far to go to find a dog. One stood on the corner looking around in a dazed way and evidently lost, and after a few kind words he decided to follow back to the house. It happened to be a good night for lost dogs. There were two more between the house and the corner, and they also decided to follow along. If the first struck a good thing he might divide. While three canines arrived at the foot of the Bowser steps, only one was admitted. Mrs. Bowser looked over the banisters and saw that it was a common cur, and she realized that something would happen before that dog was out of the house. He was no sooner inside than he ran about the parlors and hall, sniffing at everything, and Mr. Bowser got his pencil and paper ready and wrote: "The first thing a dog does on entering a strange house is to go about and familiarize himself with things. "The dog is now regarding me with a suspicious air, as if wondering if I have set a trap for him. "I have fed him some cold meat, and his suspicions have vanished. "He has now crawled under the lounge to take a nap. It is evident that a dog prefers to sleep in the darkness. "He has now come out and is smelling of the piano legs and bowling. Mrs. Bowser was trying to play 'The Old Folks at Home' the other day, and it is evident that some of the sad strains are lingering around the legs of the piano and that the beast feels them. "Dog now stands with his forefeet against the wall in the hall and is barking at a picture of 'Washington Crossing the Delaware.' He evidently sympathizes with the cause of liberty. This should be one of the strong points in the book. "I am now looking him in the eyes. My expression is benevolent, and he comes forward and licks my hand. I change my expression to ferocity, and he backs away and growls, and the hair on his back stands up. Make another strong point of this. It is evident that the character of a dog is founded on that of his master. "Dog is now wagging his tail. I am convinced that the wigwag of a dog's tail is not thoroughly understood by mankind. As near as I can make out, three wags to the right signify that he trusts me; four wags to the left betray anxiety. When he pounds his tail up and down on the floor he is trying to ask me if he is going to stay all night or be turned out a few minutes hence. I believe that every feeling passing through a dog's mind can be read by watching his tail, and I shall so assert in my book. "Dog is howling in a lonesome manner. I can't make out whether he is thinking of the graves of his ancestors or wants the company of his kind. Judging it to be the latter, I will let the other canines in." That was the end of Mr. Bowser's notes. The two other dogs were lying on the front steps and impatiently awaiting their turn, and as soon as he opened the door they rushed into the hall. They seemed to feel that dog No. 1 had had more than his share, and they at once pitched into him, and a battle was on. The struggling trio got between Mr. Bowser's feet and threw him down, and he kicked and yelled out and made for the lounge in the back room. As soon as the canines gave her a chance Mrs. Bowser slipped down and opened the front door, and when they had fought all over the parlor and got back into the hall again they went out in a bunch, and the door was closed on them. Then she walked down the hall to find the white faced and trembling Mr. Bowser standing on the sofa with a pillow in his hand. His notes lay on the table. She picked them up and read them and then added: "Make another strong point. Some men can be bigger fools than some dogs." Then she turned and went upstairs and left Mr. Bowser to climb down and think it all over. M. QUAD. A Question of Obligation. "Are you going to betray the people after they put you into office?" "My dear sir," answered Senator Borghum, "you misapprehend. The people did not put me into office. And shall I go back on the men who did?" —Washington Star. Making Matters Worse. Golfer—I beg pardon, but have you noticed a golf ball come over here?

BRONCHITIS.

Druggist Charles Rogers Tells the People Quiklets Means to Cure It.

Asked one day in his store the question, "What is good for bronchitis?" Mr. Rogers, our well-known druggist, answered, "For years old fashioned cod liver oil has been known to possess the most remarkable curative and healing properties for throat, bronchial, and lung troubles of anything known to medicine, but on account of the grease which enveloped its curative principles, it has been impossible for many people to take enough of it into their systems to combat a thoroughly settled disease without clogging the system and upsetting the stomach. "Now, however," continued Mr. Rogers, "we have Vinol which contains in a highly concentrated form all of the medical curative elements of cod liver oil actually taken from fresh cod livers, without a drop of oil or grease to upset the stomach and retard its work, and physicians agree that it is the greatest cure for all throat, bronchial and lung troubles known to medicine." Miss Anna Ray writes us that after suffering for five years with bronchitis, and trying all kinds of medicines without relief, Vinol cured her, and we have hundreds of just such letters. We wish every person suffering from chronic colds, coughs, bronchitis, and every aged, weak, or convalescent person who needs a healing, strength-creating and blood-making tonic would try Vinol on our guarantee to return the purchase money if it fails." Charles Rogers, Druggist. Chapped Hands. Wash your hands with warm water, dry with a towel and apply Chamberlain's Salve just before going to bed, and a speedy cure is certain. This salve is also unequalled for skin diseases. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists. Joseph H. Choate tells us that we are working too hard and too fast and doing too much. Possibly, but we "need the money." The Lehigh Valley railroad now refuses to employ cigarette smokers. Not a cent wanted, unless you are cured. If you are sick and ailing, take Holster's Rocky Mountain Tea. A great blessing to the human family: Makes you well—keeps you well. 35 cents Tea or Tablets. Sold by Frank Hart.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, November 9, 1905.

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. Bonds, Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, etc.

Advertisement for Wine of Cardui. Title: A Painless Cure of Curable Pain. Text: Never resign yourself to suffer pain. Women's pains are curable. TAKE Wine of Cardui IT COMES TO WOMAN'S RELIEF whenever she suffers from any of woman's biting and weakening pains.

Advertisement for First National Bank of Astoria, Ore. Capital and Surplus \$100,000. Sherman Transfer Co. HENRY SHERMAN, Manager. 433 Commercial Street, Phone Main 121.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Astoria National Bank

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, November 9, 1905.

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